1: Hollis G-5 (ca. 1894-1904) 1905
FL12 Masai FL12

964 en-gurare. Ore ten eim pôki-tuñgani inne, nepik o-soit, neikôni nâja too-'l-arin pôkin.

551 Ten êä eng-ayôni oo-'l-Maasae, ore p' eîu ñgotonye ae-kerai, newaya en-giok e-[304] 'nna-kerai, nâji Nawaya.

Ore pe ebulu, nâji Ol-ôwara.

304 Teni mewayi en-gerai en-301 giok, neishop en-daret o 858 ol-giso to-'l-kimôjino le-'n-geju.

Whenever anybody passes this spot he throws a stone on to the heap, and this is done for all time.

If a Masai woman gives birth to a boy after the death of one of her sons, a small piece is cut off the ear of the newly-born babe and he is called Nawaya, i.e. from whom it has been snatched.

When the child grows up his name is changed to Ol-owara, which has the same meaning.

Sometimes children's ears are not cut, in which case they wear a special kind of bracelet, called En-daret, and a ring on one of their toes[1].

Em-ḍuroto.

765 Ten êä ol-mórno loo-'l-Maasae ôata 'n-gera oo 'ñgorôyok, nepuroo ol-marei pôkin.

Neitau 'ñgorôyok i-surutya, oo 'seghenge oo-'murto, oo 'musetani; neitau sii 'n-doiye 'musetani, oo 'l-pisya, oo [302] 'seghenge oo-'n-gejek oo 'n-oo-'ng-aik; nebarn il-muran oo 'l-ayok il-papit.

Netoni 'ñgorôyok ol-ari ôbo, neitôki áishop in-dôkitin enye.

Naa, ten êä kulikae-tuñganak, neitau 'ñgorôyok o-'l-marei 'n-dôkitin naaata too-'murto, kake mme pôkin, epal i-seghenge oo 'surutya; netoni ol-apa ôbo. [302] Nebarn sii 'l-lewa 'l-lughuny.

Mourning.

When a father of a family dies, the whole family mourns for him.

His widows lay aside their ear-rings, necklaces, and beads; his daughters leave off their chains, beads, armlets, and anklets; and his warrior sons and boys shave their heads.

His wives wait for a whole year before they put on their ornaments again.

If any other person dies, the women of the family leave off their small neck ornaments but not the iron rings or the ear-rings, and the men shave their heads. The mourning lasts for one month.

[1] The second toe of the right foot.

6:Thomson K-3 (1883-1884)1887
FL12 Masai FL12

was not even put through the horrors of the tub. Sometimes, however, his mother, in a fit of affection, and imbued with the belief that some day he would make a name for himself as a smasher of skulls and a lifter of cattle, would make up an unctuous and odoriferous composition of grease and clay, and anoint him therewith till he shone forth with a splendour dear to the Masai heart. On these occasions he would strut forth with all the pride proper to a small boy who has just had a suit of new clothes.

And so life went on, and he was promoted to the rank of a boy proper. He was provided with a real bow and arrow. A square piece of sheep-skin was tied over the left shoulder, leaving the legs quite bare. He now began to cultivate, not a moustache, but his ear-lobes; that is to say, he took means to stretch them out till they would almost touch his shoulder, and he could nearly put his fist through the distended portion. This is done by first putting a slender stick through the lobe, and gradually replacing it by a bigger, till a piece of ivory six inches long can be inserted lengthwise.

Our hero now looked longingly forward to the day when he should be a warrior; but meanwhile he must employ himself herding the goats and sheep. This was his first occupation. He had by this time acquired some notion of the geography of the country around, as his parents had not been stationary, having been compelled to move about from place to place according to the pasturage. The donkeys on these occasions conveyed their household gods, though his mother had to carry nearly as much, and build the hut after. He had also to accompany his parents in moving up from the plains to the highlands in the dry season and *vice versâ* in the wet season. Beyond these studies in practical geography his education proceeded in a very irregular fashion. He learned something of the mystery of the universe by hearing his elders continually howl out prayers by the hour together to some unseen Being called Ngăi (God, or the heavens). He heard also that the place of Ngăi was among the eternal snows of Kilimanjaro, or that the thunders of Donyo Ngăi (an active volcanic mountain) were His voice.

It is very pleasing to think of Moran at this period reclining under a bush or standing watchfully over his flock with one foot brought up to his knee and supported by his bow, trying to penetrate the great problem as to the where, whence, and whither of life. We can imagine him appeal-

6:Thomson K-3 (1883-1884)1887
FL12 Masai FL12

ing to his father to learn something about his origin, and this I believe is—among other stories—what he was told. The primal ancestor of the Masai was one Kidenoi, who lived at Donyo Egèrè (Mount Kenia), was hairy, and had a tail. Filled with the spirit of exploration, he left his home and wandered south. The people of the country, seeing him shaking something in a calabash, were so struck with admiration at the wonderful performance that they brought him women as a present. By these he had children, who, strangely enough, were not hairy, and had no tails, and these were the progenitors of the Masai. As Moran had not heard anything of the theories which were convulsing scientific Europe and America, he remained ignorant of the fact that he had struck upon an interesting legend which the *savants* of civilized society would have given their beards to verify.

Meanwhile Moran practised with the spear, and killed innumerable imaginary enemies. He listened intently with beating heart to the stories of daring cattle-raids and sanguinary fights, but as yet he could only dye his spear in the blood of an antelope, or, it might be, of a buffalo. His food still continued to be that of a non-fighter, namely, curdled milk, maize, or millet, and meat. But vegetable paste was the meat of women and children, and he loathed it, though he ate it.

As he approached the age of fourteen he began to develop a truculent and ferocious expression, instead of making himself sick in the attempt to smoke a cigar, or examining his upper lip in the glass, as a lad of proper spirit in England would have done at the same age. It is quite laughable to think of Moran trying to look dangerous, pursing his brow, and generally cultivating the fiendish. And really, I am told he was the admiration and the envy of all the Lèon (boys) of the district, and quite won the hearts of the girls.

At last it was agreed that Moran had become a man, and was fit to be a warrior. A certain rite, better known in Africa than in Europe, was performed; and Moran was no longer a boy, he was an El-moran—a warrior. His father, who was wealthy, resolved to rig him out in the height of military fashion. For this purpose they journeyed to a neighbouring settlement of Andorobbo—a clan who are despised heartily by their distant relatives, the aristocratic Masai, on account of their ignoble mode of gaining a livelihood by the chase. After making the Andorobbo quake in their